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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

My brother, the brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee;—thou dost not expect to sell thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy Life to thee,—why, God's entire creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold; that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldst have all...Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be nothing; thou hast then, in a certain sense, got all for it! The heroic man—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909. NUMBER 24.

Finish every day and be done with it. . . . You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

—Emerson.

The enrollment of the summer term at the University of Chicago has reached nearly 3,000 individuals, and it is interesting to note that 220 of these were enrolled for the summer quarter of the Divinity School, an increase of forty-six oxer last year.

The sunberry is the latest sensation of Luther Burbank. The commercial exploiter of this last triumph has rechristened it the "wonderberry." Great things are promised for this new berry, which is said to be delicious and to grow with profusion. This new article of food is the child of several different varieties of the deadly nightshade. Here is another parable for the pulpiteers.

The table of highest points in the various states as published by the United States Geographical Survey and printed in the *Literary Digest* of July 31 is interesting and provokes thought. The man who lives in Florida can rise only 301 feet above the level of the sea. The man of Louisiana can climb 400 feet. In Mississippi it is 602; in Illinois, 1,257; in Wisconsin, 1,940; in Colorado, 14,436; but if Uncle Sam would take his child to the highest point in his domain he must take him to Alaska, where he can place him upon a pinnacle, 20,300 feet above the sea-level. But after all, "getting up" in the world does not seem to be of so much significance as "getting along."

The clerk in charge of the mailing list of UNITY has laid upon our table an analysis of the same, which we offer for the consideration of the good friends who wonder "if it is worth while." UNITY has subscribers in every state in the Union except Mississippi and Utah, and these are reached by exchanges. Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines are not yet reached by us, but our foreign list reaches into Canada, Mexico, Porto Rico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey, Japan, and Africa. South America and Australia are still un-reached territory. There are large sections of the world yet to conquer. UNITY's task is not yet done.

There are now ninety American boys studying at Oxford under the Rhodes scholarship fund. Much interesting information concerning the fund and the boys that have won is given in the current number of the *North American Review*. Some people find it very hard to find profitable investment for their money, and many who have made successful accumulators have made wretched failures in their investments. Here is one point where wealth was not misplaced, and it is easy to find more such places. There ought to be a school, perhaps a summer school would suffice, established for the proper education of millionaires that would help them solve some of the yet unsolved questions, such as "How to live nobly even in a palace,"—with Marcus Aurelius as a text book,—"How to die poor,"—see Lectures by Andrew Carnegie,—"How to give in a way not to blight," "How to save children from selfishness and imbecility," etc., etc.

The *Survey* gives some interesting information concerning the summer session of the Chicago Summer School of Civics and Philanthropy just closed. There is a total registration of seventy-five students, fifty-two of whom are women and twenty-three are men, coming from sixteen different states. Eighteen of them are college graduates. All of them seem to have had some experience and training in institutional and social work. Twenty-nine were attendants and nurses from institutions for the treatment of the insane and mentally defective. Several of these students took special side work in basketry, weaving, book-binding, etc., etc. Instruction was given also in outdoor and indoor games. Prof. DeGroot, director of playgrounds and gymnasiums of the South Park system of Chicago, gave a special course of lectures for playground workers. Local institutions were visited, etc., in all of which work we may be sure Prof. Graham Taylor, president of the school, was "a very present help."

W. W. Fenn, dean of the Harvard Divinity School, dealt in a lot of common sense, and, we should think, a larger amount of uncommon sense in an address recently delivered before the Alumni Association of the Harvard Divinity School, judging from the all too meager report of the same in the *Christian Register* of July 8. The address was in justification of still continuing special schools for the ministry notwithstanding the fact that so much of the preparation is perhaps more available in the larger curricula of universities,

on the ground that the ministry is still a "profession" into whose hands is delegated largely the control of public worship. "Ministers need to be trained so that worship may be as uplifting and as comforting as possible." We believe that Mr. Fenn has here touched a much-neglected stop in the great human organ, the noblest strains of whose music will always be those of worship. What Mr. Fenn calls "Liturgies" and "Hymnology," instead of being relegated to the lumber-room of antiquities as ancient history, constitute the newest of new problems to the emancipated student, the truly free thought representative of religion and morals. Anyone at all acquainted with the development of religion during the last thirty years will sympathize with Mr. Fenn in his appreciative words of the work done by Professor Toy. Many will experience with the writer a shock over the news of Professor Toy's resignation. Mr. Fenn's remarks were followed by some timely words from the new president of Harvard college. Of course Mr. Lowell was heartily greeted by the Alumni. He said: "Better three men who put their stamp upon the world than three times as many who are not efficient. We ought to recruit the best men. If we can send our own thought throughout the community we shall be doing a broader work than any other school since the split in the church in the middle ages." This is a most hopeful declaration. It rings large and loud. Nothing but the measuring-string of the century will enable us to measure the opportunity and the potency of a truly great interpretation of religion suited to our times.

"Religious Day Schools"

This is the title of an interesting and suggestive article in the *Congregationalist and Christian World* of the 24th ult. It gives all too meager an account of a work actually being done in Wisconsin by the Congregationalists. The work was inaugurated some ten years ago by the Rev. H. R. Vaughn, of Elk Mound, Wis. His plan is thus described:

In the summer when public schools were closed, and when some earnest lady teachers of the neighborhood could be secured for the forenoons of two weeks, the children not only of the church families but of others were gathered into a religious day school. In these schools the methods and character of the instruction is similar to that which the children are accustomed to in the public school, and sometimes it is given by the same teacher and in the same place. Any expense is met by a family membership of one dollar, or by a popular subscription; but generally there is little expense.

A considerable variety appears in the daily work. Series of carefully selected Bible stories are given to the younger children, after the manner of the institute training. The telling and reproducing of these stories with pictures, dramatic features and especially with the manner and atmosphere of reality, never fails to interest. The older classes have the more distinctly historical portions of the Old and New Testaments, the groups of Biblical writings, the Biblical geography with maps and relief work, and to some extent the outside history of the Bible. Note-books are always in evidence, and sometimes colored crayons, paste and scissors. Memory work has its place in the form of short periods of drill on choice passages of Scripture, good hymns, key titles for the Bible stories, and points from all the other courses. The singing of a few standard hymns of the best sort is never omitted.

The work done in a religious day school is hardly to be compared with that of a Sunday-school. Certainly more real benefit is to be gained in such a session than in years of ordinary Sunday-school work. If such a school were conducted regularly every summer in a given district the effects would be easily seen in the children who are inspired thereby with high ideals of life, who are led to secure a higher education, who become Christians of the intelligent and active type, and who have characters of strength and real worth.

Pastors and teachers without special training for such work need not hesitate to undertake it for fear of mistakes. Their mistakes will be their best tutors. True, it would be well to have had courses of training such as are given at the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, or at Ripon College; but good common sense and real earnestness will assure at least a moderate success.

This is a suggestion of great value, not only for vacation days, but throughout the year. Much good might be accomplished in the way of new impulse, perhaps even in the way of securing new material, certainly the co-operation of more competent women, if the Sunday-school were held for a time at least on Saturdays.

We know of one experiment in this direction which continued for one year. Of course there were difficulties and objections. The old-time routine was interfered with. It necessitated a heroic re-arranging of plans on the part of parents more than on the part of children. In the city at least, the hour and a half taken out of the children's play-time on Saturday often left more time than the undirected initiative of the children was able to use wisely. The result of this experiment of ten or fifteen years ago is still felt in that particular school. The more thorough methods initiated and the dignity of the work then emphasized still continues.

In country places the Lutheran, Catholic and other believers in parochial schools successfully carry on the practice of gathering in the children some one afternoon in the week for direct religious instruction from the pastor. This work again is attended with difficulties, but only such difficulties as are involved in the proper rearing of children on any lines. Nothing can be done without effort. Everything has its price. Every good thing has its high price; and every best thing has its highest price.

The term "Religious Day School" conveys a startling suggestion at the present time, but it is a suggestion full of vitality, and we look forward confidently to the time when it will be a familiar phrase suggesting a most important and delightful work; work destined, slowly but surely, to place the church on a more rational, more devout basis, and to contribute much towards the character-building of the generations to come.

In course of time men and women will be ashamed to be ill. Especially will men and women . . . deem it a disgrace to have their children or grandchildren diseased or deformed.—*James H. West.*

A Festival of Beauty

On Tuesday, August 3, an exhibition of the work of Augustus Saint Gaudens was opened with fitting dignity at the Art Institute of Chicago. The catalogue contains some 150 numbers, including statues, plaques, busts, casts, bas-reliefs and studies. The most of them are the property of Mrs. Saint Gaudens, through whose courtesy and under whose direct supervision the exhibit was offered, the installation being under the artistic direction of Mr. Glenn Brown, architect, of Washington, D. C. Most of the galleries of the second floor of the institute are set apart for this exhibit. The walls are draped with such material in such tone as most effectively to enhance the statuary. This collection has already been exhibited at Washington, Pittsburg, and perhaps elsewhere, and we hope that after its two-months' sojourn in Chicago it may carry its message of joy, courage and reverence to many other cities.

The visitors are greeted before entering the building by the golden Diana saved from the wreckage of the Columbian exposition. In the lower vestibule the visitor is confronted by a cast reproduction of the angel figure leading the indomitable Sherman to victory and peace. On the floor above are the beautiful Caryatides prepared for the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, N. Y. Once inside the gallery the visitor yields himself to the sway of genius exemplified in the stalwart Puritan; the sublime Lincolns, the standing and the sitting figures; the delicate bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, which admiring readers from all over the world caused to be erected in the city of Edinburgh, his birth-place; the portrait-bust of Dr. Bellows, the great president of the Sanitary Commission; Charles Timothy Brooks, another Unitarian minister, so long pastor at Newport, Rhode Island; and a score of other noble portraits, delicate fancies, exquisite interpretations. Perhaps most impressive of all is the beautiful Adams Monument from the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.,—a veiled figure that makes death seem tender, Providence gentle, immortality itself almost manifest.

This exhibition was opened with a memorial meeting at Fullerton Hall, presided over by Charles Hutchinson, President of the Association. Addresses were made by Lorado Taft, sculptor, D. H. Burnham, architect, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Tributes from many sources were read by Mr. Glenn Brown, of Washington.

Saint Gaudens was clearly the leading sculptor of America, and as clearly one of the leading sculptors of the world. The story of his life is a fitting and indispensable setting to his triumphant work. Child of a French father and an Irish mother, born in Ireland, reared in America, he was a product of the city, inured to toil, acquainted with poverty. His father earned his living at the shoemaker's bench, and young Saint Gaudens was a cameo-cutter. He grew to be appreciative of all the arts, and incidentally to be a gifted interpreter of them all. Overwork and the strain of his triumphs burdened his last years with pain and weakness, but he was always enamored of laughter, and believed that courage and cheerfulness were the highest demands laid upon the mortal in his mysterious journey out of mystery into mystery.

Late in life he came into the joys of the country, becoming the happy possessor of a country home up in New Hampshire, but his word to the architect was, "Make this old house smile, or I'll leave it." And the house was made to smile, but the most smiling attraction was the master of the house, who promptly drew around him a colony of artists and lovers of art, thirty-five in all, as the magnet draws the iron.

Let the alarm be given! Ring the bells, that as many as possible may know that for the next two months there is in Chicago a Festival of Beauty. Come one, come all!

As a preparation, read the article on "Saint Gaudens, the Master," in the *Century Magazine* for August, and secure if possible a copy of the catalogue of the exposition, which contains interesting matter. Perhaps on application the reader may obtain a copy of the memorial pamphlet which contains an account of the proceedings at the memorial meeting held by the American Institute of Architects in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington on December 15 last.

Beauty is a great leveler; but it levels up; it lifts the lowly, humiliates the haughty, encourages the timid, rebukes the arrogant, thus enforcing the brotherhood of the Kingdom.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

The Quest of Peace.

The gallant knight in days of yore
  Rode forth to seek the Holy Grail;
Upon his sturdy back he wore
  The glittering suit of woven mail.
The pennoned lance, the blade he bore,
  Should make the haughty Paynim pale!
    Strong in the faith his cause was right,
    He smote his way thro' fray and fight.

In vain those doughty champions sought
  Thro' far, war-desolated lands,
That chalice of bright emerald wrought,
  Which sparkled in the Saviour's hands
At the Last Supper, when he taught
  His chosen few his few commands:
    Of Meekness overcoming strife,
    Of Love and Truth redeeming life.

The world shall see the Holy Grail
  When armies shall be hosts of Peace;
When arguments of force shall fail,
  And War and War's wild spirit cease.
Then shall the Reign of God prevail,
  And Joy and Happiness increase.
    The Holy Grail shall glow and shine,
    Filled with Love's sacramental wine!

—*Nathan Haskell Dole.*

That is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect.—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

THE PULPIT

Untrodden Highways of the Kingdom: A Suggestion

From a Paper Read Before the Minnesota Association of Congregational Churches at Hutchinson, Minn., May 5, 1909, by Rev. L. Curtis Talmage, Pastor of the Oak Park Congregational Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

Recently I had occasion to examine with some little care a number of programs of state and local church conferences held in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota. The examination impressed me with the idea that our churches lack breadth of view as to the related things of the Kingdom. They have been traveling upon only one of the Highways of the Kingdom,—the one labeled "The Church." Or, to use a stronger figure, the church is suffering from the inbreeding of thought. It has massed its thought and its efforts too largely upon itself as an institution, its life, its support, its this and its that.

Naturally we assume that the principle which should guide us at this time will be clearly indicated by Jesus of Nazareth, and so we may profitably pause to consult his sayings and examine his acts, that we may determine what he emphasized.

The Church is more and more coming into agreement as to the teaching of Jesus. It may be briefly summarized thus: The Kingdom of Heaven as conceived by Jesus was something already present, consisting of those men and women who were obedient to the spirit of God in their lives and who were trying to bring his purpose to pass in the world by holy living and the doing of deeds of love. The one condition of entrance was a life of love. Belief in a philosophy about God had no place in his teaching. Deeds of love made a man a Christian in the Master's mind.

If the teaching of Jesus is, as we now confidently affirm, the one true ideal for all men, then the aim of the church should be to act in behalf of this ideal, with all due study of the time and its needs and with such familiarity as is possible with the historic movement and methods, and thus, by so doing, contribute to the momentum of the Kingdom's advance. The conditions characteristic of a given period will determine the form of the organization's activity.

A mere surface survey of our times will suffice to indicate the way of service for the Church. We are dominated by the spirit of industrialism. In the train of industrialism come the multiple problems of equity and justice. Again, the accumulation of wealth and the combinations of capital present still another straw that indicates the flow of the stream. Further, never before have the minds of men been so engaged with the problems of the government. Other tendencies of the times might be noted, but these at least are some of the conditions characteristic of our own times which should determine the form of the Church's activity. Hence there is a two-fold work for the church today: first, to rid itself of its egotism; and, second, to permeate the life around it by a close cooperation with the essential departments of the world's life and thought.

What then shall the church of today do to fully interpret its own time and accomplish the work most needed to be done? To answer this let me indicate what was the first thing suggested by the programs mentioned above. Beyond question the first impression was that they were too academic both in choice and treatment of subject. I love a good book too well to belittle its place in the world of thought, yet I fear that oftentimes ministers are too bookish either for their own or the Kingdom's good. Beyond a doubt ministers should be students—students of books and of *life* at first hand. I would not in the least sense minimize the value and sacredness of the study hours; they are the priceless possession of every growing thinker, but many a man overestimates "the study" and coming before his people, upon whom there is still the sweat and grime of the week, finds himself bankrupt,—rich, yet poor. "Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamor of reality." Our truths are too largely reflected truths, robbing us of the privileges of meditation and expression upon the things which we have discovered for ourselves.

It is too generally taken for granted that all knowledge is to be found in a well-stored book-case. For the one who uses his eyes and ears there is often more true education out of doors among men than can be found in a long life as a book-worm. Books give cold, formal knowledge. The hearing ear and the seeing eye gain for one the warm and palpitating facts of life. The mind of many a minister is as an attic choked with the lumber of many years' accumulation,—one half forgotten, the other half unfit for use. Do I set the hands on the dial of time back when I plead for less book knowledge and more knowledge of life? Too much of "the study" produces an owl-like demeanor, it saps one of the juices of life, leaving but a mere dry stockish dyspeptic to minister to the waiting flock the word of life.

Theological disquisitions, however entertaining they may be to the initiated, do not reveal a knowledge of life at first hand. I like the minister who preaches a sermon from a chapter out of my own life, the one who leads me to consciously say, "That is what I would be saying just now were I in his place." This is the triumph of sermonizing. Now in the presentation of a theme involving a creedal or doctrinal parentage the pleasure of the listeners is critical; they watch, they approve, they smile at incongruities; but never are they moved to manifest their own hearts, as they would if the theme were plucked warm from life. It is only when there is the pulse-beat in the sermon that you will see manifested sudden heats of sympathy with courage, virtue or suffering.

I grant you that it is necessary for us,—lay or professional,—to know some one subject thoroughly. And yet I confess a great liking for the man who knows the world generally, him of the cyclopedic mind, at home under all skies, well versed in the kaleidoscopic aspects of life. Who can doubt but that this lover of many things will in the end bear much fruit?

Let science respect science, but in God's name see to it that science, even the science of theology, is not allowed to impose itself so exclusively upon the deliberations of the church as to strangle the breath of the spirit out of the organization. If we do, then we may look for a mean and hungry organization, dead yet living with the burial robe of complacency already

laid in anticipation of the interment. "Dust unto dust,—ashes unto ashes."

A general, yes an intimate, knowledge of life comes before the knowledge of theology. To acquire it is the first of all duties. If theology robs a man of a keen zest in the affairs of the times, depend upon it, it is not born from above. I do not say that we should cast it into the depths of oblivion. It may be one's only possession of that sort. I would not that we should be naked, but hide it far back in the deepest recesses of the mind as we would hide a sin from the gaze of the public. Let it not spoil the one sweet thing that God has given to men, the love of life and interest in its multiple aspects.

Possibly those programs were created under the influence of age-long custom, made sacred in the process of the years, hence not to be easily set aside. If so, then custom has robbed us of the more inclusive thing. We would be greatly enriched if we lengthened our tent cords, evolved from exclusiveness to inclusiveness of thought. Dead hands have been laid upon the living to the end that the living have envied the dead. To the church in her annual gatherings custom has been the dead hand. The hands of custom are in her bosom, they move her, they pluck her, they guide her. She is a puppet at the command of custom.

To do anything because it has been the age-long custom and not because the thing itself is the best possible good, having within it that which compels, beside the marks of a hoary age, is to forsake moral control and grip upon ourselves, and to go by the shortest path to oblivion. We ought not to be led so much by a desire to maintain the ancient landmarks as by a positive sense that the land-marks need resetting. The new land-mark for the Church to honor just at this present time is the sacredness of the secular. Hence she should welcome as co-laborers in the great work of co-ordinating the Kingdom, truths, representatives from the allied trades: industry, art, education, politics. Secular and Sacred, according to some pulpit moralists, are but other names for Truth and Falsehood. There was never anything less proved or less probable. Our moral sanity is utterly dependent upon the marriage of the two. "No longer twain, but one,"—the one must love and cherish the other for mutual happiness.

The second lesson that I gained from the study of the programs was that there seems to be a strong belief that theological truths must be safe-guarded from attack. Fright of a horrid sort is written between the lines of not a few of the programs. I will not pause to enter into detail.

In this respect it may be said of the church that it is neurotic. The entire organization will go into a panic over the publication of a book that presents a new theory on some "taken-for-granted" theological idea, and for days and weeks will be in a hysteria over the possible outcome of the strife between the struggling stalwarts and the unregenerates. To the average churchman, change in a theological definition most readily affects the nerve centers, creating vivid pictures of a Second Fall or something still more awful. A country full of loyal disciples can be stampeded as easily as a herd of wild deer, provided the note of alarm emanate from a well-established seat of learning and be backed with a well-known scholar's name.

I do not at this time lessen the value of this watchfulness; I plead only that it be broadened and made more comprehensive. We must study the art of erecting defenses against dangers more terrible than a new theological definition. Every individual Christian and every individual church ought to be frightened because of the sordid condition into which whole sections of a city may fall,—at the red-light districts, at the rotten tenement with its masses herded into insufficient quarters, frightened because of unfair conditions both moral and physical in many factories, at the neglected poor man's district with refuse-littered streets and alleys, at the too-prevalent method of hiring women at wages that do not ensure protection, at the great masses of the unemployed who endanger the safety of sane and safe industrial methods.

But when have you found a church or a denomination becoming frightened over any one of these conditions? The last bulletin from the Labor Department or the Local Charities Report, issued in any one of our larger cities, has more real danger elements presented than may be found in all the books of theology from the time of Augustine to this present moment of grace. But the stir that these and kindred reports make compared with the excitement that followed, let us say, the first volume of a two-volume work spun from the brain of a Chicago University professor, is as a day in June to one with Perry at the North Pole.

The church would be a much more powerful institution, and the organization be far more likely to survive the test of the times, if, instead of its blessed theology it knew more of the conditions of the poor, the relations of capital and labor, the moral fitness of candidates coming before the public for election to political office. If the church were to think along these lines such articles as that by Mr. Baker would not be in place; for New York or any other city would not be Godless.

Guard theology, the queen of science, but amplify the capacity for appreciating danger. Will the age never dawn when the church will understand that to become invincible and all-powerful it must take interest in having the best possible public schools, in fostering Mother's Helper Clubs rather than by inaction become dependent upon Ladies' Aids; that it stand guard at every factory entrance three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; that it prize motherhood as the priceless beatitude of life; that it promote the artistic planning of cities; that it look after the purity of the moral and civic welfare of the community; that it demand justice in high places and the welfare of *all* as the goal of attainment. The church that can be frightened over these questions is not dead. It is the church that will live and propagate its kind. When a question of social betterment stirs us from center to circumference, rather than the finding of a too-studious scholar over an old Testament manuscript, then the church will dominate and the Kingdom be not far from any one of us. The church which is most easily frightened by the social, industrial, educational and moral weakness of the times is the one which can see most clearly when faced with a theological tangle.

What we are doing is all well enough, but we must not leave this co-ordinating work undone. It is right to have funds in the church for missions in Turkey or Minnesota, if we also have funds for a like practical work in the cause of civic progress at home. Let the church educate its membership more than ever as to the needs of the missions, but let it also provide means of education and enlightenment on the topics

of greatest interest to the man of the street. Let it cultivate an arm of service for advice, consultation, enlightenment on the practical questions of the hour. By so doing it will draw about itself a group of deeply interested seekers after light. By the missing of her opportunities years ago the church made a chasm between itself and the so-called working classes, but it is the height of folly to say that it cannot be bridged.

What the church must do is to grasp the real questions of advancing civilization, seeing that they are real questions of the Kingdom of God in the world, and while it lessens not the least fraction its central aim of quickening the spiritual man, let it turn its strong hand to the work of remedying abuses and strengthening the right tendencies in the social life of the times.

This cross-breeding of ideas and ideals will produce a more sturdy and active form of religious life and thought. The "Highway" of the Kingdom called The Church is straight and well defined, the traveler is never uncertain of the destination,—far out into the future it stretches and beyond, to the Land of Journey's End. With like emphasis may we not speak of these other indicated avenues of activity as Highways of the Kingdom upon which not a few travel? True, they lie not straight ahead, they wind, and dip, and rise again, often; but then they present surprises at every new turn. They urge one on with the tempting offer of the unknown. Yet I fancy this to be true, that they will somewhere in the future mingle their quota of travelers with those that travel in on the Highway of the Church. They are all highways,—the cross overshadows them all. They should not be neglected by any body of thinking men and women.

It is not at all right for the church to exclude from its conferences the thought of the work-a-day world. The terms of the world's expression may not root back in church councils, yet its terms have ever revealed the fact that there is a divine stock in its heart that may be trustier than any purely theological approach to truth. The world's eyes, appetites and sympathies know truths that have never yet been stated in church councils. Truth is a universal thing. It bears no trade mark. It is born of the times, partially interpreting itself through all human experiences. Truth does not stand or fall through the affirmations of organizations. Rather, the organization lives or passes away in that degree in which it honors or rejects the truth.

God speaks his truth daily in "a new language, by the tongues of men, and the thoughts and habits of each fresh generation and each new-coined spirit throw light upon the universe." It contains a new commentary upon the Bible. "Every scruple, every true dissent, every glimpse of something new is a letter of God's alphabet, and though there is a grave responsibility for all who speak," is there not especially a mighty responsibility resting upon the church as it gives utterance to a gospel that must of necessity be universal in its range? And for the church through lack of relationship to remain in ignorance of the crying needs of the great sorrowing world is "to conceal and cloak God's counsel."

Judge not the workings of the brain
And of a heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield.
—*Adelaide Procter.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Some Recent Books

There are those who would establish the validity of Christianity by proving the genuineness of its documents and the historic succession of its episcopacy. For them a valid Christianity is to be known by its roots. But this is not the method of Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan. He finds that the mind of today is intensely practical, if not pragmatic. It insists that for it, at least, a valid Christianity is to be known, not by its roots, but by its fruits. Can our religion still cleanse the uncleanness of the human heart? Can it glorify the expanding vision and the increasing knowledge of our day? Can it justify itself to the experience of the modern man as it did to the saints of old?

The answer to these questions is a volume of sermons, entitled "A Valid Christianity for Today." [Macmillan Co.] Judged by any standard, they are noble and notable sermons, for their directness of style, their lucidity of insight, their passionate earnestness, and for their perfect balancing of the ideals of individual excellence and social service. His plea, at once luminous and earnest, is for "The Gospel of Democracy," for "The Extended Hand," for "Men of Vision," not visionaries; for the seer as well as the scholar in politics. These sermons are bright and inspiring in their breadth and scope and grasp, though not more so than others of a more distinctive religious nature,—such as "The Divine Companionship," "The Universal Christ," and "The Supreme Value." The author is not only a bishop but somewhat of a prophet, a forth speaker, a rebuker of sin in high places as well as in low, a pleader for justice not less than an interpreter of God to man.

Of works on Christian Science, for and against, there is not likely to be an end during the lifetime of the present generation. One of the most interesting, and by far the best writtten, is "The Faith and Works of Christian Science," by the author of "Confessio-Medici,"—a volume of essays which for charm of style and airy wisdom has not been surpassed in many a day. [Macmillan Co.] The author deals with the subject very much as Oliver Wendell Holmes did with homeopathy in his day, but the cases which he gives of the cruelty to sufferers, especially to children, due to neglect of medical treatment, fill one with pain. Facts on this aspect of Christian Science are abundant, though one does not hear them in experience meetings. With the death of its founder, however, the author predicts that the cult will disintegrate. Symptoms of disintegration are evident, he thinks, in the schisms and heresies now appearing—though these may be signs of vitality, not of decay. A dying creed generates no splits. It falls away into differentism. Christian Science bids fair to grow stronger, and attacks upon it only rally the faithful to a firmer, fonder faith. One cannot share the confidence of the author that in a few years the temples of this cult will be given to the nobler purposes of music, with lectures on mental hygiene, and that for information concerning its founder one will have to consult a book of reference. Human nature is much the same, and we may suspect that as cults grew in the past so they will grow today.

Many people to whom the philosophy of Christian

Science is amateurish, and to whom its claims of healing are extravagant, see much good in it. Their attitude is one of sympathy and good-will, despite their distrust of its ecclesiasticism. They admit that Christian Science heals many ills, but they are unable to connect that fact with its philosophy. This attitude of sympathy and discrimination has never been more clearly stated than in a little book entitled, "Mind Over Body," a series of letters to a Christian Science friend published anonymously by James H. West Co., Boston. This book is as clear and as kind as a sunbeam, and it lets light through the fog. It is hardly more than a booklet, but it goes straight as a line to the crux of the matter, opening a vista of right reason and good-will through an else bewildering maze.

Bishop Brent suggests as an epitaph for the late Charles Cuthbert Hall,—a soul luminous and gentle, delicate and strong,—the following: "Like a bridge over a mountain torrent he joined two precipices, and the stream of controversy passed beneath him." How true and beautiful this epitaph is may be seen by any one who reads "Christ and the Eastern Soul,"—the lectures given by Dr. Hall on the Barrows foundation in the cities of India. [University of Chicago Press.] The lecturer attempted, with exquisite tact and insight, to find the best in the Oriental mind, and then, with a sympathy born of a love of truth, to unite the Christian and the Oriental faiths, each interpreting and supplementing the other, and resulting, he firmly believed, in a vision of God in Christ such as neither could see alone. If any minister wishes to pursue a vacation study of deep interest and value, let him read this book along with "The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations," by P. Ramanathan, [Putnam's Sons] and "The Oriental Christ," by P. C. Mozoomdar. [George H. Ellis.]

"Is Immortality Desirable?" That is the title of the latest Ingersoll lecture, by G. Lowes Dickinson. [Houghton Mifflin Co.] In answer to this rather startling question the lecturer finds that some people do not think about the matter at all,—do not care; that others fear an eternal life; and that still others really desire to live on and on. The author holds that immortality is not desirable if a portion of the race, large or small, is to suffer eternal torment. Nirvana were better for all in the face of such a prospect. Only on the Browning basis, "the development of a soul, little else is worth study," is immortality desirable at all. There is in us a love for something beyond us, though we know not what that something is, nor do we need to know. Indifference to the Society for Psychical Research is interpreted by the author as indicating a general conviction that the question has little importance to the conduct of life. This is surely far from true. It is due, rather, to the meager results of the research so far. Whether or not immortality is desirable, each one must decide by sifting his own feelings. But that the proof of immortality is undesirable does not seem a matter of doubt, since the latest cult which denies both pain and death is singularly bereft of pity. The lecture has the grace and charm of style which marks all the writings of this gifted man.

One reads "The Joy o' Life," by Theodosia Garrison, [Mitchell Kennerly, New York] with the feeling that here is a poet of distinguished note. It is at least a sweet and fresh note, and withal tender. Her sense of the loveliness, the pity, the transitoriness of life is, at times, poignant. There is heart in her verse and thought no less, but she does not preach. It is marvelous how she avoids the trite, and how she shows us new facets of old fact and feeling. She is a true poet; and so is Thomas A. Daley, whose recent volume, "Carmina," [John Lane Co.] is rich and rare for a simplicity in fancifulness and an exquisite blending of humor and gentleness. His lyrics of life in this land as it is seen now by the Italian, now by the Irishmen, rival the German dialect poems of Godfrey Leland. His sentiment is never flabby, his humor never coarse, and when he drops into the minor key he touches the heart surely and deeply. They are, both of them, sweet singers who fly low enough to blend the notes of the common life with the chime of the morning stars.

Kipling has always been reactionary, except in the war against rum, and fiercely aristocratic, as witness his panic poem, "The City of Brass." He is against peace, against no war, in fact, except the war on poverty. Every ideal of economic betterment excites him to rhythmic rage. He is the poet of those who, as Tolstoy says, "are willing to do anything for the people except get off their backs." He is smitten, too, with Teuto-phobia. In politics he is an obscurantist who considers the people impotent, incompetent, "the eaters of other men's bread,"—whch is exactly the opposite of the truth. The "eaters of other men's bread" are at the top, mortised and tennoned in privilege. Why all this hysterical, white-faced fear? Because of an effort to make the nobility pay their part of the taxes! But no great poet of the world was ever other than a liberal, an upholder of the rights of man.

A piece of glittering literary lace-work, woven of all colors, is the essay on "Shelley," by Francis Thompson. [Scribner's Sons.] There has not been its like in half a century. It appeared in the *Dublin Review,* but was only printed after Thompson's death, the *Review* having rejected it before. Shelley, he says, was a child; but one who reads the essay will find that this is no less true of Thompson, to whom airiness and subtle star-fieriness are as native as they were Shelleyan. It is all in skyey vein and can in nowise be translated, except direct to the spirit. Listen:

"The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors muzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands on the lap of patient nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song."

One is glad to note that H. G. Wells has descended from his air-ship long enough to write a really big, human book. "Tono-Bungay" has red corpuscles in it, as Michael Monahan would say; and if it is somewhat radical on certain matters relating to marriage, and kindred issues, it is none the less a virile, vivid, human document,—a kind of "David Copperfield" up or down to date. JOSEPH NEWTON.

No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more confident and joyous for the contact.—*Lillian Whiting.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—We must not dream of postponing our heaven. We must prepare to enter in now by loyal service of God every instant.

MON.—The robed priest, the gorgeous altar, the pealing organ, all vanish from my sight as I look at the good and great man, the disinterested soul.

TUES.—How unjust we are to ourselves; we study everything else but the Divine principle within our own persons.

WED.—I would have you see good in the world of nature; but more, much more in the disinterested purpose, the immortal hope of a good man.

THURS.—What is religion but sympathetic joy in the unbounded beneficence of God?

FRI.—Whoever recognizes the moral dignity of goodness in his fellow creatures has begun to pay homage to the attributes of God; for he is the inspirer of his creatures.

SAT.—A better day is coming; a purer Christianity is to take the place of that which now bears its name. Let our hearts bid it welcome.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

THE HORSE AND THE DOG AND THE MAN.

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence.
Said the horse to the dog: "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense
In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"
And the dog looked solemn and shook his head and said: "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them: "Stay!
You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!
You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why would you treat me so?
As I am, God made me, and he knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt! You see
We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!
God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail
To do the artistic thing, as he did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs and were deaf to his pitiful cries,
And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes.
"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!
For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"

"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;
His ears look rather too long for me, and how do they look to you?"
The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see,
And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,
"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"
So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,
And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!
Such things are ended now, you know; we reached a higher stage!
The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,
And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care!

—*S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.*

Pampering American Girls

The importance of the young woman in American society is out of all proportion to her achievements, and, naturally, where such importance is the rule, the social tone, however "gay," is unintellectual and devoid of the mellowness which makes the formal intercourse of human beings an institution. Instead of being taught in childhood that her business is to serve, and that her only chance of happiness is in service, she is virtually taught that everything must be done for her. The rewards of a woman's existence—love, respect, deference—are thus placed at the wrong end of life. To begin with, the sense of values is lost by the profusion of Christmas, Easter and birthday presents showered upon her every year. As Whately said of literary style, "He who accentuates everything, accentuates nothing."

In such extravagance the beauty of simplicity disappears, and beside the luxury of such a girlhood the gifts of nature and of common human life lose their preciousness. A glorious sunset, the nightly miracle of stars, the treasures of noble poetry—the heritage of human kind—what are these to most debutantes compared with the spectacle of colored lights at the theater? Space fails to follow up the theme—to speak, for instance, of the approximation of the life of girls to that of their elders in dress and entertainments, which is but a part of the lavish and unappreciated idolatry that attends from cradle to altar—none the less a monstrous folly that is committed in the name of parental love.—*The Century.*

An Irreparable Loss

The teacher of the primary school, in looking round the room after the children had taken their seats, saw a new face. It pertained to a little boy. She called him to her desk. "What is your name, dear?" she asked him.

"Tommy Hunter, Ma'am," he answered.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Six, going on seven."

"You don't look over five," she said, after a careful scrutiny. "I shall have to ask you to bring me a certificate of your age."

"Bring you what, ma'am?"

"A statement from your parents. You may stay here this morning, but when you go home at noon ask your mother to write me a note, telling me when and where you were born. Don't forget it, Tommy. You may go back to your seat."

After the noon recess was over and the children had reassembled in the schoolroom, Tommy presented himself at her desk, flushed with triumph. The glow soon faded from his little face, however, as he felt in his pockets, one after another, and failed to find the note his mother had written. He began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the teacher.

"I—I've lost my—my excuse for bein' born!" sobbed Tommy.—*Exchange.*

Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means.—*British Weekly.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

VACATION NOTES

THE KANSAS CITY UNITY.—Stronger and stronger through the months had been growing the attraction toward the Unity Society of Practical Christianity at Kansas City, Mo., till it became a foregone conclusion that our trip to the Pacific coast and Alberta would open with a day among these Unity friends. A night run from Chicago brought us to Kansas City at 8:15 a. m., and an Independence Avenue car soon left us at Tracy Avenue, but a block and a half from Unity building. Very cool and inviting it looked that hot July morning, with its plain exterior, the first floor of stone, the second and third of brick, the blessedly significant word UNITY over the wide-arched entrance, its only ornament. On the broad steps stood a bulletin board with a word of welcome and announcement of the day's services: High Noon Silence 12 to 12:15; Health and Harmony Meeting at 3:30 p. m. The wide-open doors showed an airy tile-floored vestibule. There was no one in the library at the left, but in the office opposite we were cordially welcomed by one of the stenographers.

Though a hive of busy workers, none of them are in residence; several live at a considerable distance and had not yet arrived, so we turned next to Unity Inn in pursuit of breakfast. This vegetarian adjunct of the headquarters is an old-fashioned, large frame dwelling, now on the rear of the lot, where a certain number of roomers and boarders, as well as transients, are accommodated. Here, though the morning meal was over, a simple breakfast was soon served for us.

Returning to the main building, we found Mr. Lowell Fillmore, business manager and son of the founder, whose letters and business announcements had not prepared us for his youthful aspect. He it was who showed us over the building where, with the single exception of the Silent Unity room, all seemed to stand open to every comer. Everywhere were evidences of a growing work which must soon enlarge its boundaries. The office, with its four or five desks, its rapidly extending correspondence file and card indexes, alphabetical and geographical, has no waste space in it. "Not as large as your Abraham Lincoln Centre, of which my brother has written us a description, yet what we have here I think will interest you," said Mr. Fillmore, as he led the way to the mailing room, where again the utmost utilization of space was evident, combined with every up-to-date contrivance for handling the work with promptness and efficiency. Here, in charge of two young ladies, were a small printing outfit for setting up and rapidly printing off circular letters, a machine for cutting stencil plates of names and addresses, files of these stencils, and a machine for running them through and stamping envelopes or wrappers.

The remainder of the first floor is occupied by the printing room with the big press on which UNITY is printed, and machines for folding and wiring it. Half of the July number was already off the press and partly folded, while the other half was just ready to go through. Besides the monthly UNITY, the children's monthly *Wee Wisdom*, and the bi-monthly *Signs that Follow*, a *Weekly Unity* is now published for the convenience of the local society, to say nothing of many leaflets and books. Here is a whole family working together for a common cause: Mr. Charles Fillmore and Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore as editors, lecturers, teachers, and healers, Lowell Fillmore as business manager and secretary, while his artist brother, in Chicago, designs the covers and other artistic features of their publications. A vegetarian cook book and a hymnal are works in preparation. The library is a charming little room to the left of the entrance. Its mission furniture, dark lace window draperies and stands of ferns, give it a particularly cool and woodsy aspect for a hot day. One whole side is taken up with a bookcase, containing a choice selection of metaphysical books, both English and American, while a stand near the door and a corner of Mrs. Croft's big desk holds piles of recent society publications, among them a new course of lessons by Charles Fillmore.

Just outside the library door a broad staircase with one turn and broad landing leads to the second floor. Here the whole front of the building is given up to a most reposeful parlor. Mission easy chairs, tables, sofa, clock, etc, soft-toned rugs and walls and, above all, the few pictures, gave to the whole place an atmosphere of harmony and peace. On one wall hung the well-known picture of Jesus and the rich young man, on another a magnificent Braun photograph of the head of Christ, whose tender, searching eyes look deeply into those of whoever reclines on the leather cushioned sofa below or follow one about the room. Here on table and magazine shelf lay many copies of our own Chicago UNITY. Here callers and patients came and went, received by Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Ray, or others of the happy-faced workers.

Only the stairway to the silent Unity room above separates the parlor from the auditorium, which occupies the remaining two-thirds of the second floor and will seat three hundred or more, I should say. The seats are light opera chairs, which face the east. Here the fervor of the morning sun is tempered by painted windows of conventional design and pleasing coloring, while down the sides only the transoms above the windows are painted. In the southeast corner double doors open on an outside staircase leading down to Unity Inn. In this corner too, on a tall pedestal stood a beautiful Boston fern whose long

(Continued on page 382.)

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
27. The Great Renaissance.
28. Savonarola. (1452-1498.)
29. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

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fronds almost swept the floor. Across this east end is the platform furnished with a simple table and chairs, an upright piano, seats for a choir, ferns, palms, etc., and the fine orchestrelle, which, with two tall cases full of music rolls, came to make glad the hearts of the Society last winter. We too had an opportunity to hear it, Mr. Lowell Fillmore playing a selection for our especial benefit. Electric lights and electric fans complete the auditorium equipment.

A few paragraphs from the *Weekly Unity* of July 3 may be of interest to our UNITY readers.

"The Unity Society is not the offshoot of any organization, but is an original and independent movement in religious study.

"It teaches that the Bible, and especially the New Testament, is a record of truth, and 'profitable for instruction,' but that the 'Spirit of Truth who will lead you into all Truth,' is the greatest Teacher.

"It is believed that the Christian religion is a science and that it can be applied to every department of human life and solve all the problems that perplex men.

"It teaches that everything that men have done in any age can be done now. Jesus and his followers healed the sick, and, using the same law, the members of this Society are daily healing the sick. Healing the sick is the first step in Christian regeneration.

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These consecrated workers, whose services are at the command of any one in trouble, by day or by night, make no charge for any aid they render, leaving each one to recompense them according to his ability and his sense of right and justice. In fact no small part of the good they do springs from the new consciousness they awaken of the source of *all* good and the true principle of giving and receiving. Their attractive local habitation, where even the little children go in and out as if perfectly at home, the success of their publication and their steadily growing membership in many lands, bear convincing testimony to the fact that the teaching and the promises of Jesus of Nazareth are as applicable now as ever. The class conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore, which closed last month, included students from Denmark, France, Mexico and Canada, and the recently organized Correspondence School already has an enrolment of over three hundred.

It was our privilege during the day we spent at the headquarters, to meet personally Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore and many of their co-workers, as well as several from Kansas City, Kansas, the Health and Harmony meeting in the afternoon being led by Mrs. Marion Gregg of that city, and it was with the happy sense of a wish fulfilled that we left at evening for Colorado Springs.

M. E. H.

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